

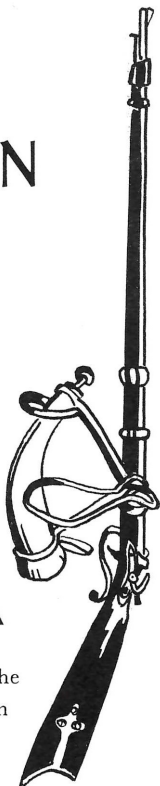
ARIZONA MOUNTAIN MEN





An Adventure
with the
Arizona
**MOUNTAIN
MEN**
**WHO TAMED
THE FRONTIER
WILDERNESS**
for
AMAZING ARIZONA

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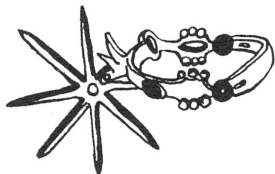
THE ARIZONA STORY

The Arizona Story began when the sea covered everything and the land was an ocean floor. As the water receded and the earth's crust began to dry and settle, volcanos spouted hot lava, mountain ranges were pushed high into the air, remaining waters became rivers and streams cutting deep canyons, and some areas became so dry, deserts formed.

This process of land formation took millions of years, and when the earth ceased its restlessness, in Arizona it left a pattern of great variety and contrast.

The southwestern corner of the state became desert, with craggy, barren mountains rising abruptly from its level floor; while in the southeast corner rolling hills with sparse vegetation and the "Wonderland of Rocks" developed.

Sweeping from the eastern border and curving northward through the center of Arizona a cool green mountain and valley wonderland was formed. Its altitudes, varying from 2000 to 8000 feet, are sharply cut by the Mogollon Rim, a sheer cliff extending for more than 200 miles and itself rising to heights of 7500 feet.



Here lakes and streams were formed and the greatest stand of Ponderosa Pine in the nation grew. Above the

Rim, near Flagstaff a part of the earth was pushed up to height of 12,670 feet to form San Francisco Peaks, the highest elevation in the state. It is so high it is snow-clad much of the year.

In the northeast corner a vast desert-like plateau emerged. Millions of years ago its edge to the south was a part of a vast forest. Through the ages it was buried beneath volcanic ash, waters, sand and mud, and then uncovered again to become today's Petrified Forest National Monument, with fallen trees now turned to vari-colored stone.

Farther north the plateau was carved into strange rock formations and canyons which now bear unusual and picturesque names — Ear of the Wind Arch, Spider Web Arch, Monument Valley, Totem Pole, Mitten Buttes. Today this is the home of the Navajo and Hopi Indians.



To the west of Navajo land the elements seem to have made a last furious fling and left the Colorado River flowing a mile deep through the rainbow-hued wondrous Grand Canyon.

Man lived in this area 20,000 years ago. Traces of early agricultural civilizations are found throughout the state. High, almost inaccessible cliff dwellings still stand in silent evidence of another prehistoric race. Even the

vast irrigation system surrounding Arizona's capitol city, Phoenix, follows ancient patterns of canals used to irrigate the HoHokam farmlands with waters from the Gila and Salt Rivers.

From tree ring studies, we know that from 1276 to 1299 A.D. there was a great drought which ended the prehistoric civilization. When Columbus discovered America, Arizona was inhabited by ancestors of present day Indians.

The written history of Arizona began when the Spaniards sent exploration parties northward from Mexico. The first was a Franciscan priest named Marcos de Niza, who entered the territory in 1539.

Later, others made their way into this land. The most famous was Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, after whom Arizona's famed Coronado Trail is named.

Other Spanish missionaries followed to establish missions to bring Christianity to the Indians. Tumacacori Mission, north of Nogales, was founded by Padre Kino at the center of an Indian settlement. This mission is now a National Monument. Padre Kino also laid the foundations for San Xavier del Bac Mission on the outskirts of today's Tucson, still used for regular services by the Papago Indians who live nearby. From 1687 until his death in 1711, this Jesuit priest brought not only Christianity but improved farming methods, new crops, cattle and other domesticated animals to the Indians.



After his death, Spanish development of this area came to a halt. In 1821 Mexico declared its independence from Spain and eventually went to war with the United States. This war ended in 1848 and the land north of the Gila River became United States territory. In 1853 the rest of the area was acquired by the Gadsen Purchase. Then the great westward movement of our early pioneers began, and Arizona entered the phase of its history which has provided so much story material for books and movies.

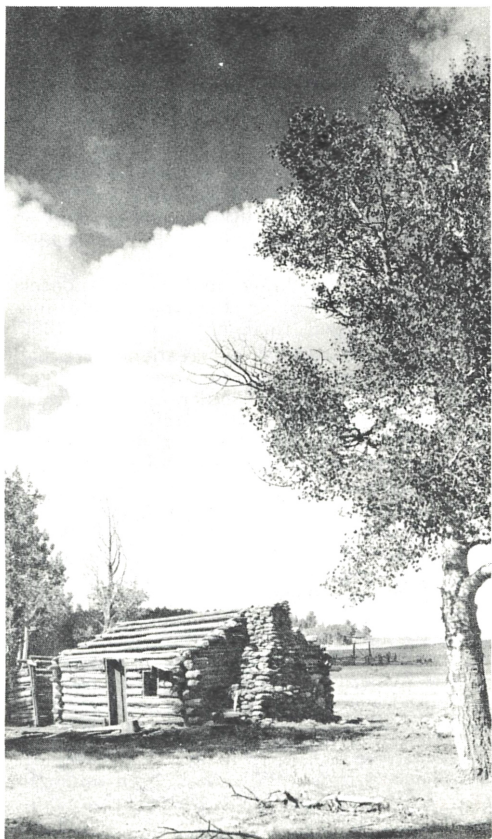
Only the most brave and hardy pioneers came until the last of the Indian uprisings were finished and final peace won in 1886.

Back in the ages of its creation there had been formed in Arizona land great deposits of gold, silver, copper and other minerals which were now uncovered by the prospectors. Lusty new towns sprang up near the mines. Great fortunes were made and lost, sometimes in a single 24 hours.

While prospectors were "striking it rich" other pioneers saw their fortunes of the future in another aspect of Arizona land. Farmers cultivated crops along rivers and streams as had the Indians before them. Others brought in cattle to roam the range land. Still others saw Arizona as an ideal place to raise sheep.

In 1912, its lawless, boisterous frontier days behind it, Arizona became the 48th state to join the Union and its modern advance began.

Named from a phrase in an early Spanish explorer's report referring to "rancheria of Arissona", Arizona has always been and still is a "land of adventure", where beauty and opportunity abound.



Frontier Cabin

THE MOUNTAIN MAN

A big country. Whose was it?

Foremost of all American explorations was the one begun by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark at St. Louis. Second only to it in brilliance and importance were the explorations made by the employees of Williams Ashley—lead miner, lieutenant governor of Missouri, general of the militia, member of Congress, student and propagandist of the West, expansionist. And during the following fifteen years as Ashley's employees bought him out, set up their own businesses, and interchanged and joined other firms, the discovery, the exploration, and the possession of the big unknown. Of the country we have sketched in names.

Between Benton or Polk and the West stretched a black curtain of the unimaginable, but the Mountain Men knew it by heart. They took Fremont across it in comfort, showing the Pathfinder passes they had known for twenty years. They took Lansford Hastings through the West, and Kearney. Abert Cooke, all the officers, all the travelers. They made the trails.

For years the Mountain Men were in the battle of the Aricara that made Ashley determined to forsake the known road to the West, the river route which Lewis and Clark and their successors had traveled, and to blaze a trail south of the dangerous Indians, an overland trail, the trail up the valley of the Plate by which the



entire emigration was to move. There was Jedediah Smith and Tom Fitzpatrick, when they made such a trail possible by finding South Pass, the one opening through which the wagons could cross the mountains, the door to Oregon and California, the true Northwest Passage, Clyman was one of a party of four who paddled around Great Salt Lake, and so laid forever the old myth of the River Buenaventura which was supposed to flow saltwater westward to San Francisco Bay. But these are details and the whole is vastly greater than its parts. From 1823 to 1827, Clyman was a Mountain Man and a good one, a peer of Carson, Fitzpatrick, Bridger, Harris, Provost, Ogdon, the Subletts, or any of the other resounding names. It is enough to say, without decoration, that he was a Mountain Man.

Meanwhile in all the colonies the Indian trader pushed up the streams, over the divides, and down into the new country. He was the man who knew the wilderness. Let there follow after him the men who built cabins.

He had to live in the wilderness. That is the point. Woodcraft, forest craft, and river craft were his skill. To read the weather, the streams, the woods; to know the way of the animals and birds; to find food and shelter; to



find the Indians when they were his customers, or to battle them from stump to stump when they were on the war-path; to move safely through the wilderness, to make the

wilderness his bed, his table.
and his stool—this was his
vocation.



Thus the long hunter of the eastern forests and frontiers. On May 25, 1804, Lewis and Clark, going up the Missouri River toward the mountains, passed the mouth of La Charette Creek and a settlement of seven small houses and as many poor families . . . the last establishment of whites. Here in 1804, ended the fringe of civilization and the lifelong Westering of Daniel Boone, seventy years old, his back to the wall. The Long Hunters farthest west. Lewis and Clark went on into the mountains and on to the Pacific, and the following year as they were returning they met fur hunters already following their trail to the mountain. The era of the Mountain Man had begun.

The frontiersman's craft reached a new maximum and a new lonesomeness was added to American life. The nation had had two symbols of solitude, the forest and the prairies; now it had a third, the mountains. The Long Hunter had slipped through the forest or paddled up the streams, but the Mountain Man must take to his horse in a treeless country whose rivers were far apart and altogether unnavigable. Before this one only had to look for game, now one might go for days without sight of food. Finally this was the country of horse Indians, nomads, buffalo hunters, the most skillful, the most relentless, the most savage on the continent.

On the Ashley expedition there were men whose distinction did not rest entirely on their

craftsmanship. There was Jed Smith, the Yankee whose ambition was to be a geographer, who first crossed the desert to California and first made contact Northward with the Hudson Bay Company. Andrew Henry, a true empire builder.

And then there were other Mountain Men. Edward Rose, the crossbred white, Negro, and Cherokee, and who became a Crow chief. Mike Fink, the man of folklore. Jim Beckwith, the mulatto who was the finest liar of his day. Joe Walker, who broke part of Fremont's trail, and ahead of Ewing Young opened up the trade in stolen California horses, and so gave the mountains another routine of simple theft. Fremont and Kit Carson were to follow him in this commerce as did old Bill Williams.

Jim Beckwith, who knew, said that the Indian could never become a white man, though the white man easily lapsed into an Indian. The Mountain Man's eye had the Indian's alertness, forever watching for the movement of boughs or grasses, for the passage of wild life downwind, something unexplained floating downstream, dust stirring in the calm. His ear would never again hear churchbells or the noises of the farm, but like the Indian's was turned to catch any sound in a country where every sound was provisionally a death warning. He dressed like an Indian, in blankets, robes, buckskins, and moccasins, and it was sometimes his humor to grease his hair and streak his face with vermillion. He lived like an Indian in bark huts or skin lodges, and married a succession of squaws. He

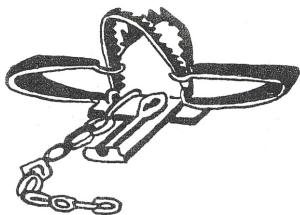


thought like an Indian, propitiating the demons of the wild, making medicine and consulting the omens. The Indians who had proved themselves to be his friends were his friends just so long as they seemed to be; all others were to be shot and scalped at sight.



He might winter at Taos, the first of the Wild Western towns; he might bring his or his company's furs to St. Louis after the fall hunt, when the town would roar with mountain war cries. But mostly he wintered at a log stockade a thousand miles from Planters' House, Bent's Fort, Fort Union, Fort Pierre, Fort Laramie; or hutted up in some basin in the mountains, Brown's Hole, Ogdon's Hole, Jackson's Hole, Pierre's Hole, Bayou Salade. For the rest he was in small parties on the creeks and among the mountains. His legs stiffened from icy water where he trapped beaver. Behind any ledge or ridge Blackfeet or Arapaho might be waiting for him. From the dark behind any fire he lighted might come the ultimate arrow. Any sleep might end in the rush of stampeded horses and the gurgle in his partner's throat. The trade did not last long enough for many to grow old in it.

The back trail was always there and need only be followed eastward. Few ever took it. They were, by God, the Mountain Men. The companies might exploit them but they were free and their own masters. Folks might call them Indians, but they were better Indians.



Give any of them a horse, a pack mule, a half dozen traps, a couple of robes, a bag of possibles, and a rifle, and he could live comfortably among the privations

that broke the emigrants' spirit and safe among dangers that killed soldiers like flies in the first frost. They had not only learned to survive the big lonesome but to live there at the height of function.

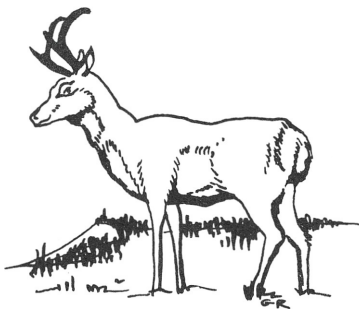
By 1844 Bill Sublette, who had taken the first wagons over South Pass, was taking invalids to Brown's Hole for an outing. It was forty years since Lewis and Clark wintered at the Mandan villages, twenty years since Smith and Fitzpatrick crossed South Pass, twenty-three years since Williams Bucknell had defied the prohibition and returned from Santa Fe in triumph. Eighteen years ago the Patties had got to San Diego by the Gila route and Jed Smith had blazed the desert trail to San Bernardino Valley. Fourteen years ago Ewing Young with Kit Carson had come over the San Bernardino mountains making for San Juaquin. Bent's Fort was fifteen years old.

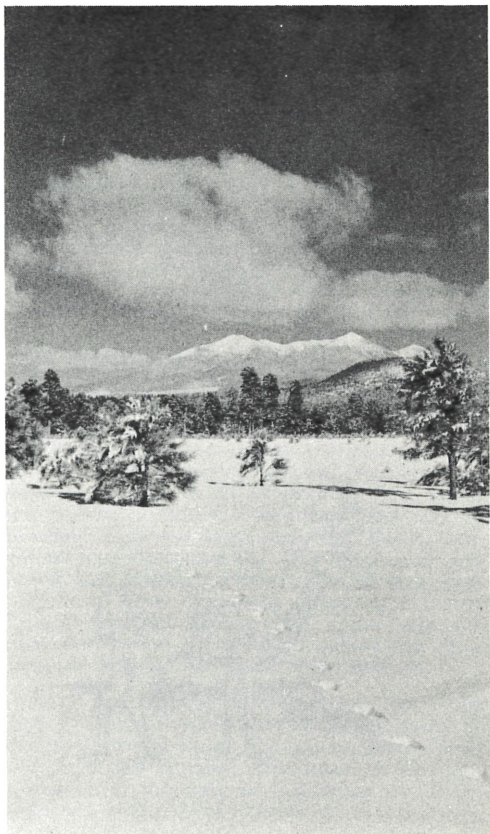
Now the streams were trapped out, and even if beaver should come back, the price of the plews would never rise again. There were two or three thousand Americans in Oregon, a couple of hundred in California. In Independence hundreds of wagons were yoking up.

Bill Sublette and Black Harris were prime movers. Carson and Fitzpatrick were completing the education of Fremont.

Forty years since Lewis and Clark. Think back to that blank paper with some names sketched in. The Wind River Peaks, the Tetons, the Picketwire River, the Siskadee, names, which mostly the Mountain Men had sketched in — something under a million square miles, a thousand Mountain Men scalped in this wilderness. The deserts crossed, the trails blazed, the mountains made known. The end of an era.

Some facts and figures herein related taken from "The Year of Decision" by Bernard De Voto.





San Francisco Peaks

Arizona's

MOUNTAIN MEN

The Mountain Men were a hardy group of men who forsook civilization for the lonely life of a trapper on the raw, new Western frontier. They literally took their lives in their hands and braved the untamed Indians, grizzlies and worse—the cold relentless winters of the vast unexplored mountain wilderness. Theirs was, of necessity, a hard life for only the virgin territory beyond civilization offered the animal pelts so much in demand by Eastern fur markets.

Others could trap in the explored territories, but the Mountain Men shoved ever westward into the new unconquered, unknown areas. Love for new adventure lured them on in their quest of the finest furs.

Many were squawmen. Some were outcasts, sought by minions of law and order. Some chose this lonely existence for love of exploration alone. Some to be near God. Bill Williams was of the latter stock. Having been a preacher he always carried a Bible on his lonely forays into the wilderness. It was a part of his equipment, as was his ever-ready musket, animal traps, and scalping knife.



These Mountain Men were a breed of their own—different from any other frontiersmen. They counted coup by taking the scalps of their enemies and were always ready to do battle to protect their lives and interests in their never-ending battle against man and the elements. Perhaps the West has never produced a more self-subsistent clan of rugged individualists. They travelled alone and loved the solitude of the vast mountain wilderness.

In off seasons they scouted trails and escorted immigrant parties. They explored the little-known (to the white man) by-ways of the West. It was they who found new, shorter routes for the wagon trains to follow in civilization's westward push. Though they may have been from different walks of life—some were bad, some good—all were men to whom we owe much and all were rugged as their adopted country itself.

In the winter when fur was prime they settled down off the beaten path to the serious business of trapping, their main livelihood. Often through the long winter months they never saw another human being. When they did it was usually Indians, some of them friendly, but usually not. The Redskins usually resented the encroachment of the white trapper on his domain. The Mountain Men had to be wiser than the Indians or they didn't survive. They penetrated the fur country where few Indians and no white man had ever been. They lived alone and liked it.

In the spring their pack animals were loaded with the winter's catch and the long trek back to civilization was made. Rendezvous in the

spring—rendezvous where these men of the mountains gathered to spin tales of adventure and celebrate another successful season in the wilds.

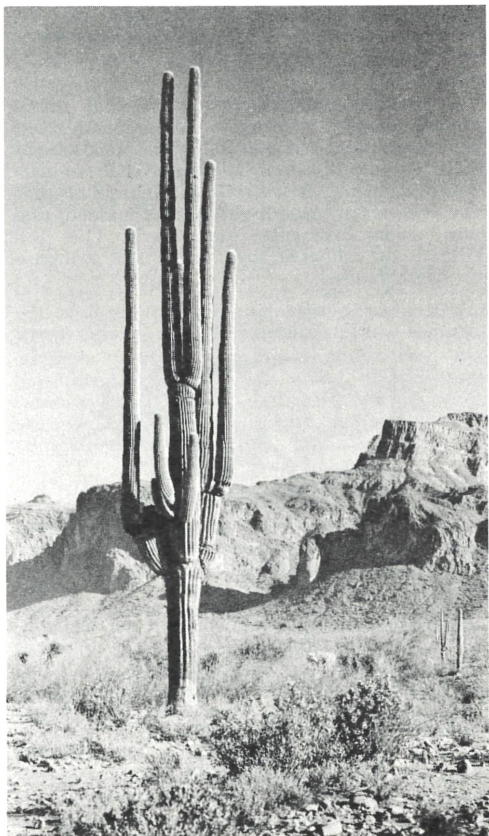
In humble commemoration of that time-honored custom, a group of Williams business men have organized the Bill Williams Mountain Men organization. It is our wish to perpetuate the lore, memory and romance of that intrepid group for which we are named and their accomplishments, particularly Old Bill Williams for whom a town, river and a mountain were named.

As near as possible we hope to emulate the costumes and customs of our predecessors.



Beards are growing and by spring most of us hope to have a luxuriant growth of facial foliage. Buckskins are being made, as are moccasins and coonskin caps.

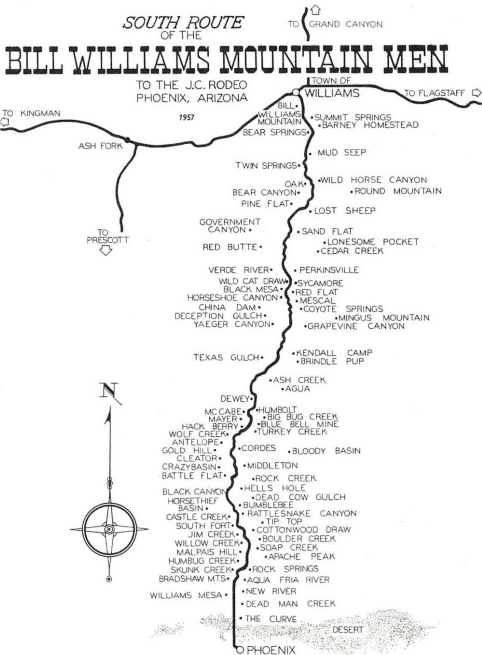
Figuratively, our traps are out for the winter's catch. As in the early days we'll come out of the mountains in the spring with our pack-mules loaded with furs and—who knows—maybe a few scalps. In March we'll rendezvous at the fur market—Phoenix. We'll arrive in time for some of our members to enter the World's Championship Rodeo and we'll all be in the parade just as we came out of the mountains.



Saguaro National Monument



Monument Valley



Gordon

McDOWELL

County Supervisor



Louis

LANDRY

Repairman



"Pete"

MILLER

Rancher



John

MAILLIE

Service Station





Fred

THEROUX

Auto Service



"Rod"

GRAVES

Steak House



Denton

DEAN

Builder



"Bill"

LILLY

Carpenter

Jerry
PAYNE

State Highway
Inspector



Everett
COFFEE

Motel Owner



Paul
TISSAW

Retired Rancher



Gene
DOYLE

Tavern Operator





Oscar

SKAGGS

Salesman



Thomas E. "Spike"

WAY

Judge



George

McNELLY

Rancher



"Bill"

FREEMAN

Motel Owner

John
MILLS

Restaurant



Bill
EVANS

Shoe Repair



Ed
MUSGROVE

Equipment Operator



Charlie
SHARP

Engineer





Thurman
MAYES

Rancher



Ken
KOLBO

Radio and TV



Hurley
WRIGHT

Service Station



"Rudy"
RUDDOCK

Builder

Jerry

DUFFIELD

Restaurant Owner



Martin C. "Doc"

FLOHR

Doctor



Ben

FILLMORE

Service Station



Jake

JANUARY

Service Station



Arizona's

APACHE COUNTY



Conjure up a vision of your idea of "The West" and then visit Apache County. The chances are you will find your mental image duplicated somewhere in this big county that cuts a 200-mile-long, 50-mile-wide swath through some of the most fascinating and beautiful scenery in the nation.

You won't be crowded here, for Apache County is larger than the State of Massachusetts — 7,169,280 acres or 11,202 square miles, with a population of 30,008. By the same token, you will not be one of the first visitors to the area, for scattered through the county, especially along the valley of the Little Colorado river, are numerous ruins of a prehistoric people — "evidence of the life of a race that has gone somewhere into the Land of Suns-Gone-Down".

It was here, at Navajo Springs about 3 miles southeast of the present-day village of Navajo, on December 29, 1863, the newly appointed federal officials raised the flag and formally inaugurated the government of Arizona Territory. Oath of office was administered to Governor Goodwin and others by Secretary McCormick. Navajo Springs was the first point the party was sure was within the geographical limits of Arizona.

Most first white settlers were Mormons who came south from Utah in the 1870's. Thrifty and hard-working, they suffered greatly from Indian attacks and the depredations of "Bad-men". Geronimo and his band of Apaches raided far and wide in the White Mountains, where remote valleys made perfect hideouts for stolen cattle and wanted men. When Wyatt Earp drove the "Clanton Gang" out of Tombstone, they settled near Springerville and caused continual trouble.

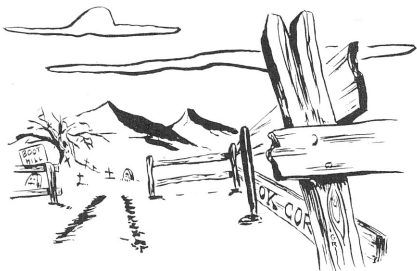
Window Rock, capital of the sprawling Navajo Reservation, lies in the east-central part of Apache County. North of Window Rock, the Chuska and Carrizo Mountains range up to 9400-feet, and are sometimes called "The Navajo Alps".

Although only a small part of the White Mountain Apache Reservation is in Apache County, most of the excellent public facilities maintained by the tribe for camping, fishing and recreation are in the southwest part of the county.

Today, this area that Coronado called "The Wilderness" is a vacation paradise.

Arizona's

COCHISE COUNTY



Arizona, youngest state in the Union, is one of the oldest in historical lore. On its vast stage—set alternately with desert and mountain peak, cactus and lofty pine—was enacted a pageantry of civilization as varied, as colorful, as thrilling as that produced by any section of any country in two hemispheres.

And on that Arizona stage, Cochise County in the Southeast corner, receives the spotlight. For variety of interest, for fascinating places to visit, for opportunities to see and feel the virile old west, few spots in America rival Cochise. The visitor, with curiosity about the old days, can enjoy himself for weeks browsing in historical places and following trails to romance.

Here for untold centuries the aboriginal Indians roamed at will. In the main, life was

peaceful. Occasionally, there was a skirmish with a neighboring tribe over imaginary boundary lines and periodically tribes teamed up in warfare against their traditional enemy, the Mexicans to the south.

The fiercest and most feared of all Indians were the Chiricahua Apaches under the able, fearless yet honorable chieftain, Cochise, for whom the county is named. It is the only county in Arizona named for an individual Indian. From his stronghold, high among the impenetrable crags of the Dragoon Mountains, Cochise led his skilled warriors on marauding parties to kill, plunder and burn.

Nothing could stem the tide of the White Man. In 1858, the Butterfield Stage Line was established from St. Louis to San Francisco. It crossed the northern part of Cochise County and went through Apache Pass and Texas Canyon. Stops were made at various depots, one of which is now known as Benson. Fort Bowie was established in 1862, to give protection, often ineffectual, to the travelers against the Indians. In 1877, now famous Fort Huachuca was built in the southern part of the county as a protection against the Indians and as a warning finger against raids from Mexico.

The whole country was electrified when Ed Schieffelin discovered silver at Tombstone in 1877. Overnight a village mushroomed into a boom town. At its height Tombstone contained over 15,000 people, was the largest town in Arizona and rivalled San Francisco in importance in the West.

Visitors from far and near now come seeking rest, recreation, health and opportunity. Some stay but a few days, others spend months.

Arizona's

COCONINO COUNTY



Coconino County is perhaps the most diversified of all Arizona's counties, scenery-wise. The second largest of all counties in the United States, it lies high in the plateau country of the northern part of the state. The area comprises 18,238 square miles, or more than the combined areas of several of the smaller states.

From the largest ponderosa pine forests, to nature's grandest spectacle, the Grand Canyon—from the semi-arid colorful Indian country of the Navajo and Hopi tribes to the heavily-timbered Mogollon Rim. All of these are within the confines of Coconino County and all are guarded by the upthrust majesty of the San Francisco Peaks, rising well above timberline and the highest point in Arizona. At the base of this mountain the winter sports enthusiast finds one of the finest ski resorts in the nation.

Flagstaff, the county seat, is the gateway to the Indian country and Glen Canyon Dam to the north. Wupatki Ruins, Walnut Canyon Cliff Dwellings and Sunset Crater are but a few of the National Monuments nearby. Oak Creek Canyon is one of the state's fabulous vacation spots centered around Sedona, one of most picturesque towns to be found anywhere.

Many of the motion picture companies spend much time on location near Sedona and in Monument Valley, far to the north. Sycamore Canyon Wilderness Area, near Williams, offers scenery beyond comparison. It has been for the most part unexplored, except by a few cowboys looking for lost cattle in the almost inaccessible canyon.

Williams, gateway to Grand Canyon National Park, plays a large part in the county's economy. Lumbering, cattle and sheep interests and the ever-increasing tourist trade are but a few of the businesses. Flagstone quarries nearby furnish the building trade with rare building stone of all colors. Coconino flagstone is finding a ready market in many parts of the United States. The quarries will soon be hard-pressed to supply the ever-increasing demand.

From Williams come the Bill Williams Mountain Men, a group who enjoy the distinction of being one of the most unique organizations in the world. Replete with buckskin clothing and all the trappings of the Mountain Men of a bygone era, they emulate the trail-blazers of the early West. Like a part of the legendary past, these buckskin-clad men emerge from their every day vocations as mountain men annually to live anew an almost forgotten part of our western heritage.

Arizona's

GILA COUNTY



The present-day home of the Apache Indians is not, as you might surmise, in Apache County but largely in Gila County, which is one of four in the state not named for the Indians. Like Santa Cruz, Gila County was named for a river, the river which forms its southern boundary.

Today Gila covers 3,007,360 acres, being eleventh in size. And its population of 25,167 ranks tenth in the state, Globe, the county seat, is the largest city.

Its name comes from a legendary globe-shaped chunk of almost pure silver on which, it is said the outlines of the continents had been etched by nature. But by one of nature's quirks, it was the copper that lay beneath the silver that gave Globe its greatest prosperity.

The mines around Globe are now closed and such activity shifted to nearby Miami, but Globe itself continues to grow and prosper as a residential and business center.

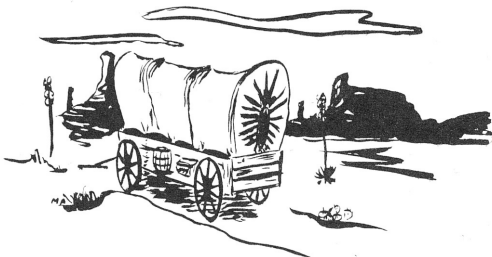
This all came about when a lone prospector and the first known white man visited what is now the Globe-Miami area in 1864, the year Arizona organized itself as a territory. This visitor, identified only as a Mister Stowe, noted interesting mineral formations, and soon he was followed by other prospectors. The first recorded mining claims were in 1873, when the area was part of Maricopa County. Pinal County came two years later. By the turn of the century these mines were in full production and Gila County was leading the state in copper production.

Much of Pinal County at the time was devoted to agriculture, as it is today. But the folks around Globe and Miami were interested in mining, not agriculture, and they objected to traveling 75 miles to the county seat at Florence to transact their business. At that time Maricopa County also extended to the rich mining area, so the legislative assembly was soon convinced of the need for a new county to surround the mining region.

One of the most picturesque towns in Arizona is Payson, which lies north of Globe under the Mogollon Rim, a truly old-time western cow town in Gila County. In this area was fought the Pleasant Valley War made famous by Zane Grey in his book, "To The Last Man." Or to the northeast of Globe, along U. S. Highway 60, motorists will see beautiful Salt River Canyon, locally known as the Little Grand Canyon.

Arizona's

GRAHAM COUNTY



In 1881, the lawmakers of the Arizona Territory in a sudden flurry of activity, created no fewer than three counties. That year of 1881 was the only one in which more than one county came into being since the original four were established in 1864. One of these counties was Graham, the only one in this mountainous state named for a mountain.

The territory to form the county of Graham was taken from Pima and Apache Counties, and Safford was made the county seat. Two years later the county seat was moved to Solomonville, but with the coming of Greenlee County in 1915, it was moved back to Safford to stay.

Its Safford Valley is one of the richest agricultural areas in Arizona, and thanks to the Gila River, produces such crops as alfalfa,

cotton, barley, corn, pecans and many others.

It was the promise of agriculture that brought about the settlement of the Safford Valley in the first place. These first settlers had originally passed through the valley as members of the California column in the Civil War. Upon being mustered out, some of them settled in the upper Gila Valley and named their little community after the territorial governor of Arizona, Anson P. K. Safford.

But life along the upper Gila had existed for centuries before this. The commanding officer of the first American scenic expedition into the Southwest reported in 1864 that his party found in the valley many prehistoric ruins, indicating at one time a large and flourishing community.

Origin of the name of the 10,713-foot high Mt. Graham that gave the county its name is lost in uncertainty. But it is a certainty that the pine, fir, spruce and aspen covered mountain provides a cool retreat in midsummer and a year-round playground.

An hour's drive over the Swift Trail will take you to the 10,000-foot summit and past picnic and camp sites along snow-fed streams. Mount Graham Lodge at the 7400-foot level provides housekeeping cabins in the summer, and meals and groceries are available.

Much of the cultural life of the county centers around the Eastern Arizona Junior College at Thatcher. With a distinguished history extending back well over half a century, this college attracts students from all over Arizona and as far away as the Atlantic seaboard.

Arizona's

GREENLEE COUNTY



Nearly a century before the Pilgrims decided to make their trek to the New World which ended at Plymouth Rock, and our history books would have us believe, started the white settling of America, a Spaniard by the name of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado made a trip through Arizona along a route which now bears his name, the famous "Coronado Trail."

Coronado was searching for immediate wealth which had been described to him by a fellow explorer, Fray Marcos, as the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. He never succeeded in finding them but did explore the region of East Central Arizona and the White Mountains in the year 1540. In doing so he crossed over one of the richest areas in the state and must have

returned to Mexico with empty purses but a soul filled with beauty.

Traveling east into Arizona on U.S. 70, turn left on State route 75 at Duncan, Arizona. This takes you through the impressive Duncan Valley to the intersection of Trail. This area is typical desert country with its cactus and chaparral. Irrigation has made farming possible in both the Duncan and Safford valley where we have cotton and grain fields, then into grazing lands until we drop into Chase Creek Canyon and the Town of Clifton, County seat of Greenlee County.

On the hill above Clifton is the town of Morenci and Arizona's richest mining development, the huge Phelps Dodge open pit copper mine, the second largest in the United States. Phelps Dodge has built and maintains a lookout above the pit and it is well worth taking an extra hour of time to view this operation and to enjoy the unique town of Morenci built on the hills and surrounding the mining works.

After reaching the tall timber country the traveler will find deer, wild turkey, coyotes, bob cats, elk and an occasional bear. Hannagan Meadows, which is along the highest part of the trail is famous for the elk herd which feeds regularly in the meadow across from the lodge, and for those who have never seen this majestic animal it is well worth the effort to spend a morning or evening waiting for them to come out to feed.

Arizona's

MARICOPA COUNTY



Maricopa County was the first new county created from the original four in territorial Arizona. Located in the southwest central part of the state, it was taken entirely from a part of Yavapai County.

If we had to choose a father for Maricopa County, it would have to have two of them, Henry Wickenburg, who founded the famous Vulture mine; and John W. Swilling, who saw gold of a different sort along the banks of the Salt River.

Just three years after President Lincoln made Arizona a territory, the Vulture Mine, near what later became Wickenburg, was producing millions of dollars in gold. It was roughly half way between the military camps of Prescott, which also was the state capital; and Camp McDowell to the south. One of the pioneers of the era, Swilling, noticed a large hay

camp in the Salt River valley which supplied the horses of Camp McDowell.

He looked around some more and saw that the soil could easily be irrigated from the waters of the Salt River, and that the level land was extremely fertile, once it had water. These facts impressed Swilling so much that he organized the Swilling Irrigating Canal Company. Many pioneers entered on this venture by buying shares at \$200 each. The crops proved the fertility of the soil and the news spread swiftly of a potential agricultural gold mine on the desert. These newcomers settled on the north side of the Salt River and one of them, a British chap named Darrell Duppa, suggested the name Phoenix for this new settlement. It seemed a good parallel to the story of the phoenix bird which rose from its own ashes to live again, since early-day Indians obviously had farms in the same area before drought drove them away. This same Duppa suggested the name Tempe for the community which was located on the south side of the river.

The agricultural empire of which Phoenix is the heart is contained within the borders of Maricopa County, a land big enough to encompass the states of Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware with more than 1000 square miles left over. The valley itself is a combination of desert and lush greenery 100 miles long and 30 miles wide. Here grows one-fifth of the nation's commercial supply of lettuce; and such crops as carrots, oranges, grapefruit, cabbage, melons, barley, cotton and broccoli abound. Here a farmer may cut an alfalfa crop as many as six or seven times a year.

Arizona's

MOHAVE COUNTY



As long ago as 1864, Mohave was called the least known or explored county in the territory. Those pioneer lawmakers who created the county specified only that its seat of justice be established—"at Mineral Park or some place located on the Atlantic and Pacific Trail." It was named for the local Indian tribe, as were the other three original counties, Yavapai, Pima and Yuma. Literally, the word Mohave means three mounts. Its first county seat was awarded to Mohave City, then to Cerbat, a mining camp that sprung up overnight; from there it moved along to Mineral Park, this being in 1877. Finally, 3 years later it settled at Kingman, where it has remained since. The town was named for Lewis Kingman, one of the locating engineers for the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, now the Santa Fe.

Mohave County's minerally rich mountains have been prospected and mined since 1858, and a few courageous ranchers fought off the Indians to raise cattle on the ranges. It wasn't until 1883 when the Atlantic and Pacific railroad laid its rails through Mohave County that Kingman began to grow. Arizona Highways magazine recalls that the site was marked by a modest little depot that had gotten creaky seams as a box car. Offhand it seemed that this was going to be a lonely little edifice, but before the track crew much more than got out of sight, several tents and a couple of boarding houses sprang up to keep it company.

More important, at least for the present, are the two gigantic recreational areas made possible by the Hoover and Davis Dams. Mohave County shares with Nevada the immense Lake Mead recreational area behind Hoover Dam. 67 miles downstream on the Colorado is the newly completed Davis Dam, which backs up even newer Lake Mohave.

And below that is the long-established Havasu Lake National wildlife refuge behind Parker Dam. These areas make Kingman the jumping off place for a fisherman's dream. The hundreds of miles of shore-line fronting on the three man-made lakes offer unexcelled year-round bass, crappie, bluegill and catfish territory. And trout, which get so big some of the fishermen themselves can't believe it, abound in the frothy lake waters below Hoover Dam.

For the gun enthusiasts there are ducks, geese, dove, quail and wild turkey, as well as rabbits and squirrels, antelope, deer, elk, mountain sheep, and the usual predators such as coyote, bobcat and mountain lion.

Arizona's

NAVAJO COUNTY



The eighteenth Arizona Territorial legislature in 1895 witnessed a long and determined filibuster—a filibuster designed to prevent the creation of Navajo County and the resulting division of Apache County. But a few minutes before scheduled adjournment time, the late Will C. Barnes, author and historian, succeeded in gaining the floor to introduce a bill that not only created Navajo County, but prevented it from being called “Colorado County” and maintained the spelling with a J instead of an H.

Prehistoric dwellings, where Indians live much as they did thousands of years ago, are only a few miles drive from the more populous centers where new, up-to-date residences and commercial buildings are found.

Oraibi, an old village when Columbus discovered America and the oldest continuously

inhabited place in North America is located in this county, as is the nation's newest and most modern paper mill—a \$40 million plant located near Snowflake.

More than half of Navajo's 9899 square miles, or 6,343,040 acres is in Apache, Hopi and Navajo Indian Reservations. In addition, the federal government holds title to 2234 acres in the Petrified Forest and Painted Desert National Monument, nearly 464,000 acres in national forests and 300,000 acres of public domain.

Friar Marcos de Niza was the first white man known to have visited what is now Navajo County. He had heard of "cities" with large houses several stories high, and on May 9, 1539, entered the wilderness near the present-day Fort Apache Reservation. After viewing the Hopi villages from a distance, Fr. Marcos returned to Mexico City where the rumors of fabulous wealth in the Seven Cities of Cibola resulted in Coronado's famed expedition of 1540.

Southern Navajo County, and the communities of Show Low, Lakeside and Pinetop, host thousands of recreation-minded visitors each summer, and, with a newly built ski-run, is bidding for winter tourist business.

One of the best known but least visited scenic wonders in the state, Monument Valley, lies in the extreme north end of the county, while another little known scenic attraction, the Mogollon Rim drive, crosses the southern portion.

Today, Navajo County, home of 37,629 persons, is a land of contrasts.

Arizona's

PIMA COUNTY



Located in the central part of far southern Arizona touching Mexico for much of its southern border is Pima County. Altitudes range from 1300 ft. to 2500 ft. above sea level in the valleys and up to 9200 ft. in the mountains.

The county has 6,083,200 sq. acres or about 9240 sq. miles. It is the sixth largest county in the state; much more than half the land in the country is in Indian reservations, national monuments or is otherwise owned by the federal government.

It's geography is flat or rolling desert valleys with rugged mountain ranges rising from the desert floor. Dry rivers and washes cut through mountain canyons into the desert. Usually dry, they fill to overflowing after rainstorms. A wide variety of strange plants exists in the desert, including many types of cactus, the palo verde tree, the mesquite.

According to 1960 figures, 261,428 persons reside in Pima County, or about one-fifth of the population of the entire state. About 240,000 live in greater Tucson, the county seat; about 10,000 in Ajo; and about 7,000 are Indians living on the Papago and San Xavier Reservations. The Pima County population is expected to double by 1975.

The desert areas have mild, sunny winters, hot summers and very low humidity. Rainfall ranges from 8 to 11 inches annually in the valleys. The mountains experience changing seasons, the higher altitudes having cold winters, moderate summers and receiving up to 28 inches of rain and snow yearly.

By far the largest portion of Pima's population is centered in and around Tucson. A busy growing community of historical fame, Tucson is particularly proud of its casual, cultural way of life, its gracious homes, fine University and attractive shopping and business facilities. It serves as the distribution, financial, and retail center for all of southern Arizona. Marana, a few miles north of Tucson is primarily an agricultural community and very much in the trading area of Tucson. However, it is growing swiftly in its own right and may well develop into a sizeable town in the next few years. Ajo, 132 miles west of Tucson owes its attractive layout and healthy development to the thoughtfulness of a mine manager who sought to correct the usual faults of mining communities by designing an attractive town around a spacious, palm-studded plaza and lawn. Sells, between Ajo and Tucson is the major trading community on the huge, 2,700,000 acre Papago Indian Reservation.

Arizona's

PINAL COUNTY



In 1871 the Territorial Legislature designated 5,324 square miles of some of Arizona's most prolific lands as PINAL COUNTY. This area, rich in its history of mining, cattle, agriculture and now manufacturing, is a region of contrasts. The old and the new—land of mountains—canyons—and range land has flown the flags of Spain, Mexico, the Confederacy and the Union.

Primarily agricultural—small ditches were hacked into the landscape by individuals and a few companies—the fertile Pinal lands became irrigated; and the easy multiple harvests of this semi-tropical empire easily fed the slow steady immigration into this area still under the occasional terror of the blood thirsty Apache.

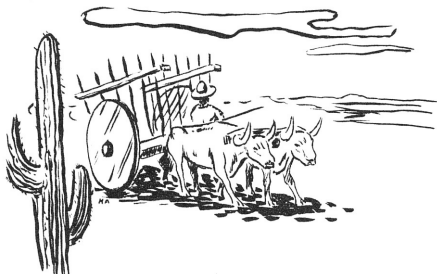
A new and more vigorous chapter, however, was being written for Pinal County. Fanciful

tales and legends of mineral riches in Arizona promulgated centuries ago by the imaginative Cabeza de Vaca and his fellow explorers, were attracting a hardy breed of men. With rifle in one hand and prospector's pick in the other—this quest led to the hills of the east, the north and the south. When the famous Silver King Mine was discovered, huge virginal specimens of this kingly silver metal were put on display in San Francisco. Mining men from all parts of the globe came to Pinal County. Discovery after discovery took place on the adjacent ranges. Riches begot riches and the mushrooming commerce and trade of the area radiated in every direction.

This area which housed America's first civilization, the capitol of the Toltecs, the Walled Cities of the Aztecs, the father of American irrigation, and the friendly Pima Indians, is now interlaced with a fine modern highway system offering quick pleasant access to the historical and recreational areas, as well as its mines, its fields of agriculture and its cities. The Aboretum founded by the late William Boyce Thompson is unexcelled in its collection of desert and cacti flora gathered from every corner of the earth. The mighty mysterious Superstition Mountains with the legendary Lost Dutchman's Mine—the Apache Trail—Coolidge Dam—Box Canyon, the Baby Grand Canyon of Arizona—are a few of the sights to see in Pinal County, Arizona. Other favorite spots of both natives and tourists alike are the famed mine with The Iron Door, the cabin and mine workings of William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, and the caverns of Oracle Cave.

Arizona's

SANTA CRUZ COUNTY



Santa Cruz County is recognized as the "Plymouth Rock" of the West because in April, 1539, the intrepid Franciscan Priest, Fray Marcos de Niza, lifted the curtain on an unknown, unexplored land when he first stepped into what is now the continental United States at Lochiel, a tiny settlement on the US-Mexican border, about thirty miles east of present day Nogales.

Fray Marcos de Niza explored Arizona as far as the upper eastern boundary, and returned to Mexico City to report that he had found the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. His return trip was made down the Santa Cruz Valley. His glowing and fanciful report led to the decision to send an expedition to claim the mythical cities for Spain. This expedition was led by an aspiring knight, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado who had a retinue of armored

soldiers, hundreds of Indian fighters, guides and laborers. This was in the year 1540.

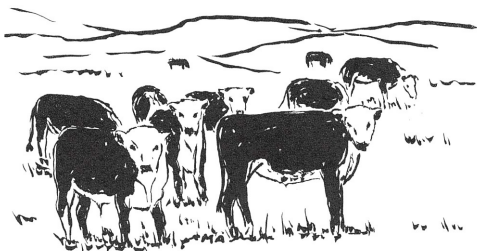
Coronado led his army along the route followed the year before by Fray Marcos de Niza. Some historians claim he entered what is now Arizona near Lochiel, and others contend he came through the Pass of Nogales and followed the Santa Cruz River upstream.

After the Coronado expedition the curtain again descended on the unknown land, and it was not until 1687 that it lifted again, this time by Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino, Jesuit mission builder who was assigned to Pimeria Alta (Northern Sonora and Southern Arizona) to convert the native Indians to Christianity. Padre Kino, whose fame is growing each year, built a chain of twenty-one missions. The first one in what is now Arizona was Guevavi, on the banks of the Santa Cruz about six miles from Nogales, of which only dim traces now remain. Next came San Cayetano de Tumacacori, downstream on the Santa Cruz River, near Tubac. The first Tumacacori mission was later destroyed by Indian ravishes and a new one was built, which also crumbled with time, but which has now been preserved and transformed into a National Monument with an adjacent museum.

There is no place in all Arizona more historical than the tiny settlement of Tubac, near the Tumacacori Mission. This settlement was once Spain's most remote outpost. It was from the Spanish Presidio of Tubac, in 1776, that Captain Juan Bautista de Anza led his memorable expedition to California to establish the great city of San Francisco.

Arizona's

YAVAPAI COUNTY



Yavapai County originally encompassed most of the northern part of Arizona. Prescott, its present seat, was the first territorial capital of Arizona. The county takes its name from the Yavapai Indians, the word being translated as "Hill People" or "People of the Sun".

As far as the white man is concerned, Yavapai's history begins in 1583. The Spanish never made much imprint in the area, however, and with the exception of incursions of the famed mountain men, the area was little frequented by the white man until the People's or Weaver's party settled on Granite Creek near the present site of Prescott sometime prior to 1863. They were living there when the Walker party arrived in 1863.

In December 1863, First Territorial Governor John Goodwin and party arrived at Del Rio Springs, northeast of Prescott, where he

established Ft. Whipple. In May of 1864, Ft. Whipple was moved to its present location on Granite Creek adjoining the present city of Prescott.

Through the years ranching had become big business and continues to be an important element of the economy.

Prescott has had a thriving tourist business for years and recently has shown a marked growth in this field. More recently industry has recognized the potential of this mile high city. At the present time, there is a plastic factory, two clothing factories, a prefabricated cabin factory and other smaller operations. Southwest Lumber Industries is building a log processing plant and other large companies are seriously considering locating plants here.

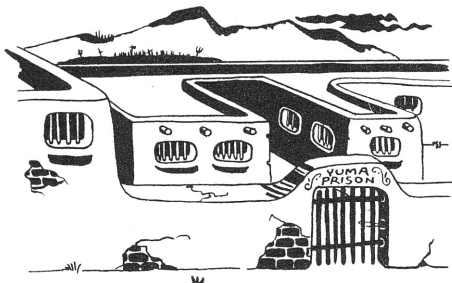
The county is noted for its healthful climate. Arthritic and rheumatic patients are relieved by the curative hot springs in the desert areas and respiratory sufferers experience miraculous relief in the mountainous areas.

The sportsman has not been forgotten in Yavapai. The Verde River, lower Oak Creek, Beaver Creek, and Clear Creek provide the fisherman with trout, bass, channel cat and other game fish. Sullivan, Watson, Willow, Granite, and Hassayampa Lakes also provide the fishman with hours of recreation.

Deer, quail, dove, antelope, and rabbit are the chief targets of the hunter, with turkey and javelina offering less frequent but exciting targets. For the varmint hunter, there are mountain lion, coyote, bob cat, and the long eared jack rabbit to challenge his skill.

Arizona's

YUMA COUNTY



Yuma has a past it conveniently ignores, not because it is ashamed of it but because it spends all of its time living in its present and looking into its future.

The legendary Father Kino first saw the site upon which Yuma now stands in 1700 and named it San Dionisio.

Following settlement, however, the pioneers renamed it Colorado City, after the river that flowed at its side.

The flood of 1862 wiped out the community and the name went along with the debris. Emerging after the flood the rebuilt town found itself with a new name—Arizona City. This name lasted long enough to furnish an excuse for present day Elks to hold a three-day western whingding called Arizona City Days.

It was on February 2, 1873, that the name Yuma was settled upon the city by the Territorial Legislature.

Actually the name, Yuma, is another of those mistaken Indian pronunciations that have been responsible for the naming of so many of America's cities.

The Spanish missionaries who worked among the Indians erroneously called them "Yah-may-o" Indians. This, through mispronunciations, became Yuma.

Yuma starts with the Cocopah Indians, goes on through to the Apaches, who stayed to become the Yumas, and continues on to the first Europeans to see the granite bluff jutting into the Colorado river, members of the Coronado expedition of 1540, searching for the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola.

In 1858 gold was finally discovered along the Colorado and Gila rivers and the little community became a bustling terminal of shipping, trade and frontierism. A ferry was established to the California side and Arizona City, as Yuma was then called, settled down to become the mining and shipping headquarters on the Arizona side.

But a far richer lode was struck in the Reclamation Act of 1902. The Act provide for the building of the Laguna Dam, fourteen miles north, and the wealth-producing water started to pour through the sluice gates. Irrigation came to Yuma on a large scale and, through the construction of the dam, put an end to the shipping trade. But the Southern Pacific Railroad, coupled with the products of the irrigated land, showed the way to richness ahead.

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